# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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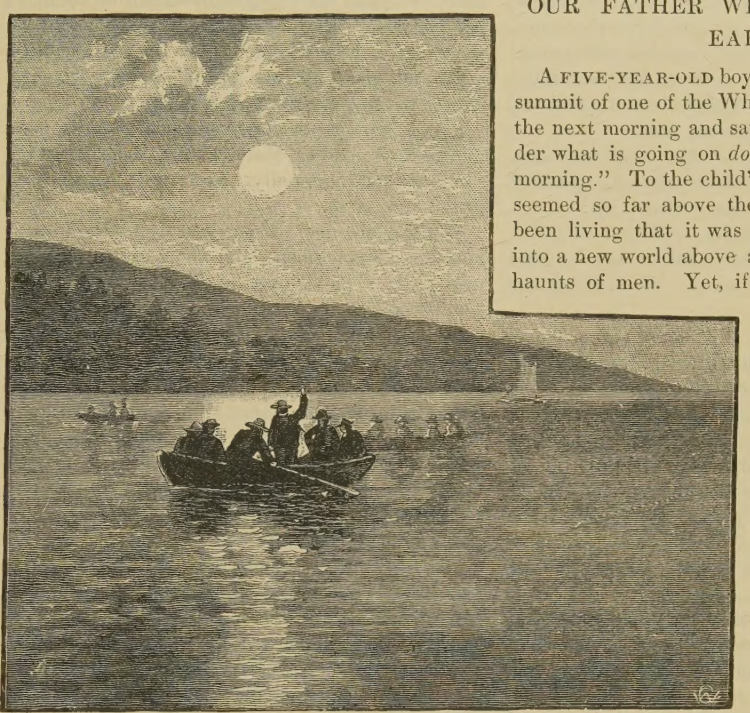
## GIVING LIGHT.

IN *Measure for Measure*, Shakspeare thus enforces the Christian precept to "let our light shine before men:" —

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.

## A WORD ABOUT BOYS.

LET there be no mistake about what makes a "good boy" and a "bad boy." A really good boy is not soft and girlish; he does n't walk down the street with his hands folded before him, thinking about heaven, and saying nothing but "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to those he meets. The good boy is a great deal more likely to be robust and ruddy, because sin is the cause of sickness. The good boy thinks little about heaven; he is thinking how he may enjoy, and help others to enjoy, this world which God has made so beautiful. He can shout as lustily as any boy in the proper place, and dearly loves to swing a bat, run a foot race, or chase a squirrel up a tree. In fact, the more life and spirits he has, the better God is pleased with him; for that means greater power for good. He is the bravest boy in the crowd, without being reckless. But he won't act the bully with smaller boys: he won't be mean enough to cheat or take advantage, and you can't fool him into believing that such a thing is smartness, he knows better; it 's only a very silly boy who believes that. He won't hurt dumb animals if he knows it, but always takes the side of the weak and oppressed, as the knights of old did. But above all things, such a boy would n't mistreat gray hairs or his mother. When disobedience or disrespect of mother-feeling is hinted at, all the chivalry of his nature rises up against it. You won't hear him quoting pious phrases or telling how good he is, but you can't play a game of ball with him without admiring his manly, independent ways. There is no laugh from his lips at anything coarse or vulgar: he 's not going to endorse such things; his whole nature detests them. If you ask him to do a mean or wrong thing, he does n't hem and haw and make a dozen excuses; he tells you right out what he thinks about it. In short, he is a manly, muscular, high-souled boy, who has all the fun in the world a bold, tricky, selfish boy could possibly get from sport, and a great deal more that comes from a clear conscience, that allows him to look every one in the eye, — a great deal that the bad boy, who is always a mean boy, could not possibly have. — *Our Morning Guide.*



## MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER.

DOES not our picture remind some of our young readers of happy summer evenings on the quiet mountain lake or on the sparkling billows of the sea?

Everybody, young or old, who loves beautiful things, loves the moonlight. How it changes scenes that were dull into fairy-land! Milton tells us that Morning "sows the earth with Orient pearl." But with what gems of pearl and silver does the moon adorn the meadows and the groves, scattering them, too, on the broad breast of the sea!

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain-side
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

This beauty of the moonlight is "its own excuse for being," and we may rejoice in it without asking that it shall teach our hearts a lesson. Yet it does teach a lesson that we would all do well to heed. *It gives back the light it receives.* We might almost say it smiles back to the sun. So we, who are taken care of by One who gives us His light, who shines upon us through His sun, and smiles on us in flowers and stars and lovely sunset clouds, and whose happiness it is to see His children happy, should smile back to Him.

## OUR FATHER WHO ART ON THE EARTH.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy, who spent a night on the summit of one of the White Hills, waked up early the next morning and said to his mamma, "I wonder what is going on *down there on the earth* this morning." To the child's mind, the mountain-top seemed so far above the world in which he had been living that it was almost as if he had got into a new world above and away from the busy haunts of men. Yet, if he had only known it, the great hill is not something that has been lifted over us, but one of the ten thousand arms that hold up the low places of the earth. The valleys and lowlands where the world's work goes on are all held, as it were, in the lap of the hills. So it is with our relation to our Father who is in heaven. He is not in some far-off place, but though he is above us he holds us, just as the mountains hold the valleys. We are not "down there on the earth;" but we live on an earth that is held up by the Everlasting Arms. Our Heavenly Father is our Father who is on the earth, who feels the beating of every human heart, even in earth's lowliest places. We look up to Him as we look up to the hills; but the world in which our daily duties lie is His world. His wisdom and His love forever hold it up.

## HABIT-MAKING AND HABIT-BREAKING.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist,
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Wide Awake.*

## A SHORT VISIT.

BY PRISCILLA CHISHOLM.

LIZY, Lizy Ann! what 's become of you? Come here and take the baby while I set bread to rise."

The call was plainly to be heard in the kitchen, where "Lizy Ann" was washing the supper dishes; but she let her mother repeat it while she slowly polished the tea-cups and hung her dish-cloth on a nail in the back porch to dry. Then she lingered at the door to watch the cows loitering homeward, nibbling the close-cropped grass on each side the shady lane as they came; but the still beauty of the summer night did not quiet the girl's troubled heart or smooth away the frown that disfigured her freckled face, usually so bright and cheerful that one forgot how large the mouth was that smiled, and how the speckled nose turned up. It was Monday, and the near field was white with clothes that must be brought in and sprinkled, she thought, with an impatient sigh.

"Lizy!" piped a shrill voice from the barn. "Pa says for you ter come help catch the speckled hen; she 's flew off the nest. Hurry up!"

"Polly wants to go bed, Idy, — Polly so seepy;" and the two-year-old Polly buried her tangled curls in her older sister's apron. Eliza shook her off roughly.

"I wish to goodness I 'd never been born! there 's nothin' but wash dishes, an' tend babies, an' run errands from mornin' till night. I 'd like to run away somewhere an' never come back. I never saw such a young one to grow!" — lifting Polly in her slender arms.

The child's drowsy head sank on her sister's shoulder, and her fat, grimy hand patted the speckled cheek lovingly; but Eliza turned away her head, and would not see the mouth lifted for a kiss.

"No danger of any of this family dyin' with measles, or whoopin' cough, or anything; only makes 'em more trouble a spell an' fats 'em up."

Then instantly through Eliza's mind trooped the six small brothers and sisters who made her daily life a burden, with a memory of the anxious days and nights when Ella was sick with a fever, and the terrible morning when Tommy was brought home all but drowned, and the agony of the time when Polly just lived through the croup.

"I did n't mean I wanted any of 'em to die," she whispered remorsefully, hugging the sleeping child tight. Then, laying her down carefully on a pile of fragrant hay on the barn floor, she joined in the pursuit and capture of the speckled hen with a will.

"I 'll take the baby now, mother. I could n't come before." The long summer twilight was fading, and the room was growing dark. The children with Eliza's help had all scrambled into bed. She took the fretful burden from her mother's aching arms, and walked slowly back and forth in a strip of moonlight that crept across the floor, making the well-worn rag carpet look almost as good as new. She had a way of soothing the youngest of her trials when even his mother gave up in despair; and in a few moments his fretful cry grew still, and she laid him softly in the old, red, wooden cradle.

"I 've been thinking lately, father, that Lizy needs a rest," Mrs. Preston said to her husband when the last chore was done and she sat down before her never empty work-basket.

"She 's been lookin' kinder peaked all summer; a change would do her good. I 'm sure I don't know what I should do without her, for she goes ahead with the work like a woman grown, but it ain't natural for a young girl to want to be tied down to work all the time. I wish she could go away somewhere and have a nice visit."

"Well, wife, I don't know but you 're right; but where could she go, and how could you get along while she was gone?"

"Oh, I could manage for a week or two, and I 've been thinking she might go to your brother Henry's. You know they 're always urging some of us to visit them, and you and I might as well talk of going to California as to Bridgeport, if it is only fifteen miles. You might write to Henry to-night, and if they want her I could get her ready by the first of next week. They won't expect her to have much to wear. My brown dress made over, and her two ginghams will be enough; her hat looks very well. She 'll need a pair of shoes and a hair ribbon. I 've kinder had it in my mind since spring, and I 've laid the egg money by, so we won't feel it much."

"You 're a great contriver when you get your mind set on a thing, Marthy," her husband said, smiling good-humoredly; and the matter was settled.

Waiting for uncle Henry's reply to the important letter was tedious to the whole Preston family, who from "Pa" down to chubby Polly were deeply anxious to know the result. At last it came; and Eliza could hardly believe she was not dreaming when she heard that her uncle and aunt would be more than glad to see their little niece; and she was a happy child indeed when one pleasant morning, dressed in her new brown suit and scarlet ribbons, she was escorted to the station by all the children, in various stages of admiration, excitement, and envy, and put in charge of the conductor by her father.

"I sha'n't stay longer than two weeks anyway," she called, waving her hand from the car-window to the shabby little group on the platform; then the cars started, and Polly stretched out her arms and cried, "Idy, Idy!" And going away from home seemed hardly such a jolly thing after all.

Uncle Henry and Aunt Sarah met her with their comfortable carriage and a hearty welcome.

"Bless my soul, Sarah, it takes me back forty years to see the child, she 's as like what her father was then as a girl can be like a boy."

"Yes, she favors the Prestons some, Henry, but I see her mother's looks plain too. Mattie Holloway was a pretty girl when she married Robert. How is your mother, dear?"

"Pretty well, thank you, aunt," Eliza answered, wondering vaguely how the face that had smiled at her that morning, from the little looking-glass under the kitchen clock, could remind any one of her father, so worn and bent and gray, and how her thin, careworn mother could ever have been a pretty girl.

She had never imagined anything so beautiful as her uncle's home; and her cousins, in spite of their handsome dresses which awed her a little at first, soon made her feel as if she had known them always, they made her at home so heartily. She was too excited to do more than taste the grand dinner, — the children at home enjoyed it many times afterward in imagination, — and she could not help thinking with pity, when they all adjourned to the lawn to lie about in hammocks and under the shady trees till the sun should be less scorching, of the unseen person who was sweltering somewhere over the stacks of dishes; she had counted the plates, and dozens of them had left the table.

When the long, bewildering day was over at last, and Eliza lay down in her dainty bed in the little room all blue and white, where everything seemed too pretty to touch, she had no time to collect her thoughts before she was fast asleep. When she waked with a start from a dream of Bobbie falling down a well miles deep, the bright morning sun was streaming in. There had been no restless Polly to wake her before daybreak. Then all in a minute she realized what the world would be without Polly and the rest. She had got her wish, uttered silently so many times. She was *rid of them all*. There were no babies to tend in this earthly paradise, no dishes to wash; every one was anxious to please her; all she needed do was to admire and enjoy; and it was Thursday, baking and churning day at home, and the baby was teething, and her mother was almost sure to have sick-headache Thursdays. She raised herself in bed and listened. There was no sound in the great house; it must be very early yet. Then she got up and dressed very quickly and quietly, putting on her hat and sack. There was a little writing desk on the toilet table; she found a slip of paper and wrote: —

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT AND COUSINS, — Please don't think it was because I did n't want to stay that I went home. I never expect to have such a nice time in my life again; but it 's baking day and churning day too, and there 's the baby.

LIZY ANN.

Then she crept softly down the polished stairs, that seemed anxious to make as many echoes as they could for every footfall, and slipping through a door that led into the garden she was safe. When she reached the station, breathless with her rapid walk, she missed her little pocket-book, and remembered putting it under her pillow for safe keeping the night before. She stood still a moment, disappointed and irresolute. If she went back for it some one would surely hear her, and she would lose her chance of getting home, for she knew they would not consent to let her go so soon. Well, there was another way to go; she could *walk*, so she set her lips firmly and trudged along briskly, following the iron track she knew would lead her right.

It was supper time in the Preston household, and the family, excepting Polly, who had mourned all day for "Idy," refusing to be comforted, were gathered round the table. The baby, after a season of colic sharper than any he had ever battled with before, lay on his mother's lap in a troubled, gasping sleep. She was pouring the tea with one hand, and holding her almost bursting head with the other. Mr. Preston was in the act of crumbing bread into Johnnie's milk, that young gentleman loudly protesting the while that the pieces were twice as large as Lizy made, and he should n't eat them, when Polly standing at the window said quietly, "Idy 's tummin', Polly do meet," and trotted to the door.

"It 's Lizy's ghost!" screamed her mother, turning pale and almost dropping the baby; for at the window stood a dusty figure, with gray eyes full of laughter and tears. Then the children made a rush for the door, and in a minute more she was in the room, hugging them all round.

"I thought you needed me most at home, mother," she said, lifting the sleeping baby gently in her arms, and stooping to kiss her mother's faded cheek.

## THE DOVES OF ST. MARK'S.

(*See picture on page 21.*)

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

On the east side of the piazza of St. Mark's, in the wonderful city of Venice, stands the celebrated cathedral which gives to this public square its name. Here takes place one of the prettiest sights to be seen anywhere; namely, the feeding of the pigeons.

On a tower, which stands a little apart from the great church, on which the doves love to make their nests, is a curious clock, the dial of which is divided into twenty-four hours, after the Italian manner of reckoning time. At certain religious seasons, the figures of three Moorish kings issue, upon the striking of each hour, from a little door above the dial, and, taking off their crowns before the image of the Virgin, as they move in procession before her, pass in at another door on the opposite side. On the roof of the tower stand two large figures of bronze with immense hammers in their hands, while a stationary bell hangs between them. These colossal figures strike the hours upon the bell; and every day, as they strike two, down come the pigeons into the square as if they were dropped from the skies.

Not a pigeon in all Venice but knows that it is dinner time; for daily, during hundreds of years, they have been fed at this time in this very place. From all directions they come, one by one, flock by flock; so many are there that the air is filled with the rustling of their wings. They cover the ground; and such a cooing as there is, such a strutting about and ducking of heads! Of course, they are very tame, so much so that they will light on the shoulders of the person who feeds them, or, standing on his finger, will eat corn from his hand.

This custom of feeding the pigeons is very ancient. As far back as 877 the sacristans, or sextons, of St. Mark's were accustomed, after the service on Palm Sunday, to let loose a number of pigeons with their wings fettered with pieces of paper. The people were allowed to catch as many as they could and fatten them to eat on Easter Sunday. All that escaped and took refuge on the roof of the church were regarded as sacred, and were protected and fed at the public expense.

During all the wars and troubles that happened, the little birds were tenderly cared for. They lived their happy lives in the midst of the confusion, and even when famine threatened the city, no one killed or harmed them. After the downfall of the republic, May, 1797, the little creatures might have starved to death; for in a city where the streets are water the birds cannot get their living from the ground as our birds do, and there was no public money to buy them grain. At that time a pious lady, taking pity on the little pigeons, left her whole fortune to be spent for their support. So the years roll on and they are still protected.

Everybody who goes to Venice is anxious to see the pretty sight, and hurries to the square as the hour approaches. Many an American child has been made happy by having one of them light on her arm and eat corn from her hand. The kind lady whose heart was touched to leave something for the little pigeons has left something to all Venetian children as well; for there is not a boy or girl there, as he watches the pigeons flying overhead or sees them feeding in the square, that is not made better and happier for thus being taught a lesson of kindness and tenderness towards God's dumb creatures.

## BIG MEN.

BY ELMER LYNDE.

G, king of Bashan, is the first immense human being we know anything about. He must have been very appalling to encounter, with his eleven or twelve feet in height and his breadth in proportion. But neither his height nor his width nor his sixty walled cities with their strong gates and brazen bars could save him, and he went down, as many mighty men of stature before him whose names have not been told us, when confronted by the army of the Lord. His immense bedstead was preserved long after he was mouldering in the ground.

Goliath of Gath was another historical character of great height, but his stature being only ten feet, of course he would have seemed quite insignificant in comparison with the king of Bashan.

The people of ancient times have many stories to relate of giants whom they have seen, if not in the flesh then in the bones, but their exaggerated accounts seem to evince very great credulity or very little regard for truth.

For instance, Pliny in one of his books speaks of a mountain being overturned by a tremendous earthquake, bringing to view a body sixty-nine feet in length, beside which Goliath of Gath and Og, king of Bashan, would have seemed mere infants.

Then Plutarch, not to be outdone by Pliny, gives an account of the opening of a tomb in Tangiers, in which were found the remains of a figure ninety feet long.

Sicily was supposed to have been inhabited by giants in the early days of its history, and probably that idea gave rise to the custom of parading two immense figures through the streets of Messina representing Malthea and Banxone, a husband and wife who were supposed to tyrannize over the Sicilians.

A later historian, who seems to have been affected with credulity even to a greater extent than the ancient narrators, relates how an immense giant was discovered in a cavern in Sicily, seated in state, with the mast of a vessel for his sceptre. He does not give the dimensions of this surprising fossil, but as the lead in the mast weighed fifteen hundred pounds, he must have exceeded every giant before him in size.

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with that wonderful soldier-giant of Charlemagne, of such immense strength that he was said to have cut down battalions as easily as he would have mowed a field. Perhaps if the battalions had been composed of such soldiers as were said to guard the gates of Pekin, fifteen feet high, he would not have found it quite so easy.

During the reign of the Emperor Henry II., the body of a giant named Pallas was discovered, and on measuring his skeleton it was calculated that he might have overlooked the walls of Berne, though what advantage he would gain therefrom is not stated.

In these modern times giants, so called, have occasionally appeared, but very likely none of them were over eight feet, and it is difficult to believe that the giants of ancient days ever reached the height assigned them. Probably most of them were the creations of the imagination; and it is more than likely that the gigantic remains so frequently discovered were those of the huge mastodon.

## History and Biography.

### PRINCE EDWARD.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

Although Prince Edward was born in a palace, and his mother was a handsome queen and his father a gentle king; and although many rejoiced at his birth, it was a sad life that began on that October day so long ago.

His grandfather was the merry King Hal, who, in the old days of which Shakspeare wrote, caroused with burly John Falstaff. His father, Henry the Sixth of England, was once a baby-sovereign, becoming king when only nine months old. The story of Margaret of Anjou, his mother, is strange and eventful. It has been told many times in poetry and romance as well as in history.

Prince Edward was born in Westminster palace in 1453. His mother named him for Saint Edward, whose memory was dear to the English people.

When Prince Edward was born, his father was suffering from an illness that clouded his mind. It was hoped that a baby-boy, a blessing for which he had long ardently wished, would rouse him from his stupor. With this hope one of the great dukes placed the lovely boy in the King's arms, begging him to bless his child, but he returned no answer. The Queen then took the Prince, and with passionate entreaties sought a blessing for her boy; her efforts too were fruitless. When the royal child was fifteen months old, the blessed light of reason returned to the King. A quaint letter, written at that time, describes a happier meeting between the father and his little son. "On Monday at noon the Queen came to him and brought my lord Prince with her; and then he asked what the Prince's name was. And the Queen told him; and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time; and he asked, 'Who were the god-fathers?' And the Queen told him, and he was well apaid (content)."

When Prince Edward was six years old, he accompanied his parents on a journey. On his way he distributed to the people little silver swans. The silver swan was once the badge of Edward the Third, who lived a long time before. For this reason Queen Margaret had chosen it for her boy. Before the journey was ended, the eloquence of the Queen and the winning ways of her beautiful child had won many men to fight under her banner. During all of Prince Edward's life England was distracted by the Wars of the Roses. Queen Margaret and her followers chose for their badge the red rose. The opposing party chose the white rose. In these wars the best friends of Prince Edward were slain. Once the King was taken prisoner and the Queen was obliged to flee with her boy. Sometimes she concealed herself and her child in a gloomy castle. Once in a dark wood, she saved her own life and that of her boy by trusting to the generosity of a robber.

When Prince Edward was eighteen years old he was considered by many to be the handsomest and best educated prince in Europe. He was married at that time to Annie of Warwick, whose father had once been Queen Margaret's enemy, but had now become her friend. Warwick is called in history the king-maker.

In the dreadful battles that occurred soon after this marriage, the followers of the red rose were defeated. In the battle of Tewksbury, Queen Margaret was taken prisoner and Prince Edward was cruelly murdered.

## Our Letter Box.

Every Other Sunday is beginning to get acquainted with its readers through the Letter-Box, and the Editor hopes to have soon a much longer list of correspondents. This first letter is about a Sunday-school teacher whom we really want to know. Why did n't Paul give us her name? We know every Sunday-school teacher who reads the letter will wish she wore glasses and knew how to smile. It is such a happy thing to be loved by one's scholars! Tell us some more about your Sunday-school, Paul.

Dear Mr. Editor, — You asked the readers of Every Other Sunday to write you about their Sunday-schools. I suppose our Sunday-school is pretty much like any other school, but I am sure our teacher is not. I want to tell you about her. We boys all love her dearly. We take turns sitting beside her. I think she is real handsome, though Tom laughs at me when I say so. Tom is my big brother. But if you could see her smile, I guess you would think as I do. I don't think her glasses are bad a bit; they can't hide her smile. She just understands boys, too, and she does n't look cross if we do move about or poke one another once in a while. I don't think we behave half well enough in Sunday-school, though we try to pretty hard. I guess I have written enough. If you print this in the paper, I wish you would tell the other boys that I hope they have all got as good a teacher as we have. I am awful glad I am in her class. If she should go away, I think I should n't want to go to Sunday-school any more. Good-by. Paul G.

Here we have a long letter, partly in Georgie's handwriting and partly in "Mamma's." We are very much obliged to Mamma for suggesting this letter. And now we have a proposition to make to our readers. Let us try to make this Letter-Box a chronicle of good and brave deeds, like this that Georgie tells us about. The big papers are always telling of people's evil deeds. Let us tell about the good deeds. It does n't make any difference how small they are. Even to give up an apple or a cake to a younger sister shows a generous heart, and that is what we want to hear about. Mr. Hale talks, in one of his books, of "lending a hand." He means helping the world to grow better by active work. If you read the short article in No. I. of our paper, on "Sir Thomas More," you will remember he had just such an idea. He spent his whole life "lending a hand" by honesty and faithfulness; helping to make the great city of London into that Utopia he dreamed of, where everybody should do right. Now we know all the readers of Every Other Sunday are trying to lend a hand in that same way. What we want is, that they should write to the Letter-Box anything they see or know about that shows it.

Dear Mr. Editor, — Mamma says she thinks you would like to hear how noble Neddy Ryan was the other day. That is the word she uses, — she says he was noble. We boys called it pluck. Neddy Ryan is a boy who goes to our school. We all like him. You see, the teacher went to the door to see some one, and nearly all the school were whispering and laughing, and Jack Dean began snapping beans. One of them hit Neddy, and he picked it up and snapped it back. I guess he don't know how very well, for it went in the wrong direction and hit little Gracie Hall on the forehead so hard that she cried. When the teacher came back she asked what was the trouble, and Gracie said that Jack Dean had been snapping beans, and that one of them had hit her. Miss Clark told us how dangerous it was to do that, and said that Jack might have put out Gracie's eye, and that she should have to punish him so that he should remember not to do it again. Jack never said it was not his bean. Perhaps he did n't know. But just as soon as Miss Clark said she must punish Jack, Neddy got right up and said, "I snapped that bean, Miss Clark; you must punish me." Neddy is only eight years old and he lisps a little, and it sounded funny when he spoke, and his face was just as red! Miss Clark was so astonished, for Neddy never does behave bad; and Jack said, "What made you tell, Neddy? I snapped ever so many and you only snapped one!" Then everybody in school began to move and to whisper, and I saw Miss Clark's eyes look queer, and in a moment she said, "I shall have to punish you both, and you may stay after school." Then she wanted the scholars to notice how brave Neddy was to confess his fault, and said she was proud to have such a boy in her school. I don't know whether Miss Clark ferruled them or not. I hope she did n't. They did n't mean any harm. I guess there won't be any more beans snapped in our room this term. This is a long letter. I had to get Mamma to finish it for me, but I told her what to say. We think Neddy Ryan's name ought to be known, he was so brave. I 'm older than he is, but I guess I should n't have been so honest, I 'm so afraid of a ferrule. Mamma thinks I would try to be, and she says that is all we can any of us do. Georgie.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS GIVEN IN NO. 1.

1. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." James ii. 6.
2. See Matt. xix. 24.
3. See Matt. vii. 6.
4. John the Baptist. See John v. 35.
5. Herod. See Luke xiii. 32.

### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 1.

I. Ne-he-mi-ah.
II. A-grip-pa.

### ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN NO. 2.

"Be noble in every thought and every deed."

### AN ENIGMA.

My first must be my second,
My whole must be the same;
Think of strength by wile o'ercome
And you have guessed the name.

## For Youngest Readers.

### AH WUNG.

BY G. D. P.

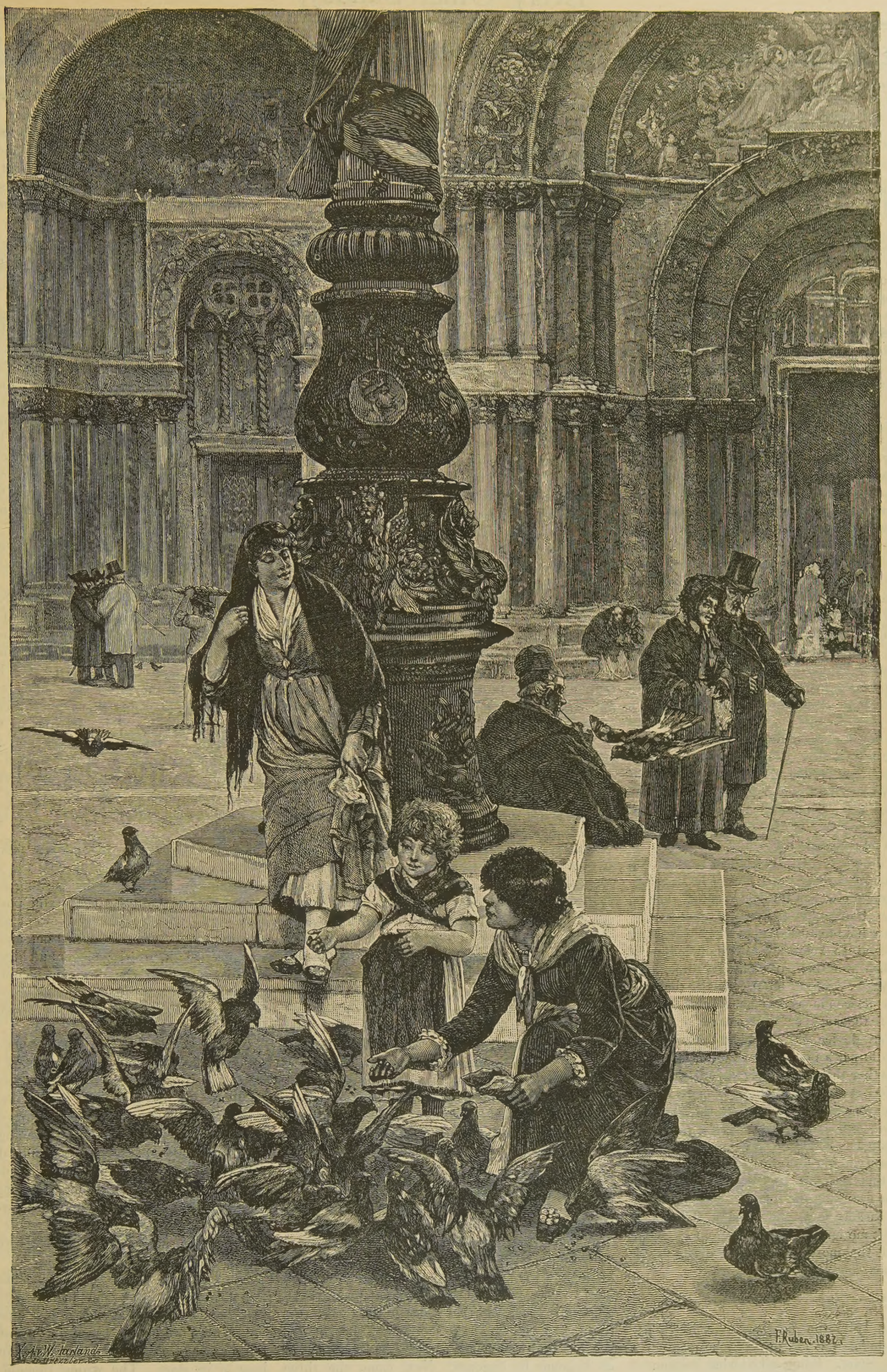
Ah Wung was a funny little boy. He wore long straight trousers of a bright green color, which reached to his ankles; over them a long purple jacket with such large sleeves that he could fold his arms inside of them; and over this a bright pink bib. His shoes were low, with thick soles that kept his feet at least an inch and a half from the floor, and his stockings were spotlessly white.

But funnier than Ah Wung's clothes was little Ah Wung himself. His eyes were roguish, bright and black, though they looked mere slits in his yellow face. His hair was blacker still, and seemed to turn to a bright magenta at the ends. For Ah Wung's mother knew that every little Chinese boy should have a good sized cue; and what was to be done when his hair had not grown long enough, but to braid in some bright twine with it? That little bobbing magenta cue was watched very sharply by the teacher every school-day, for Ah Wung was very likely to get into mischief.

It was a very noisy school Ah Wung went to. We heard the noise far down the street, and went up the stairs to see what it was about. The teacher asked us in and gave us seats, and then the noise went on. What do you suppose they were doing? They were only studying out loud in Chinese! We noticed little Ah Wung at once; partly because he was one of the smallest scholars; partly because of his roguish eyes. We were very much pleased when the teacher called him out to read to us in English. It was funny to hear him read, — t h e, te (for he could not say *the*); c a t, cat; r a n, ran, — bringing out each word and letter as if it had been shot from his mouth.

After the reading, the scholars sang to us in English and then, for our amusement, in Chinese. The school we had stumbled into was a Mission, where they teach the children English first, that they may teach them Christianity next, for the Chinese are not Christians. Little Ah Wung's father and mother did not know anything about Jesus. They burned bright-colored candles before a great carved and painted wooden idol, which they called the Joss, and they were always afraid of some harm the Joss might do them. They did not know of the kind God who made them. That was why it was so good for little Ah Wung to be there. He was told all about our dear Heavenly Father, and could go home and tell his parents not to be afraid of the wooden Joss, for it could not possibly harm them.

We could not help smiling at the funny faces, the black heads with the magenta cues, the pink bibs and the bright trousers; but when we got away, and walked down the street, hearing them still studying in their noisy fashion, we smiled more in our hearts to think what good fortune it was for those little Chinese boys, to learn something of Jesus, and to grow up to be good Christian men. Little Ah Wung liked to go to school. He liked to read in the pretty English primer, he liked to sing, he liked to study out loud, and he liked well enough to hear his kind teacher talk; but he could not realize how much better than all those things was the knowledge he was getting, of a God who is a kind Father, and of Jesus Christ, his Son.




THE DOVES OF ST. MARK'S.

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### A RAZOR THAT RACES.

BY UNCLE HARRY.

OFTEN in our sea-side walks we had picked up on the sand the empty sword-shaped shell of the razor-fish. But one day we had the rare good fortune to catch one of the interesting mollusks that live in these shells. Rowing along the winding shores of "East Bay" when the tide was low, we fished up from the shallow water a large specimen of the *Pyrula canaliculata* commonly called a *conch*. Safely housed in his pear-shaped shell this conch had just caught for his dinner a razor-clam; and when we had taken him from his watery abode we quickly deprived him of his prey. Afterward we watched with great interest the movements of the razor-fish in the little dish of salt-water in which we kept him. The most curious part of him was his elastic foot, which at times he would stretch three or four inches out of the shell, and then with vigorous strokes splash the water, throwing it to quite a distance. At one time we put into the dish a sea-snail, that shortly climbed to the roof of the "razor's" shell-house. Instantly the long foot was thrown out, and *whisked* back as a horse whisks his tail to remove a fly. It really seemed as if the clam were angry, and trying to forcibly dislodge the harmless snail. At the end of the shell opposite to the foot, were slightly protruded the two siphons or tubes by means of which the creature breathes, and also takes in his food, which consists of the minute organisms that are floating in the water.

Hunting for the razor-fish is very much like trying to catch a flea. The creature burrows into the sand for two or three feet, and if the seeker chances to find him at the top of the burrow he goes down almost in an instant, and is beyond even the reach of the spade. In digging his burrows he contracts the end of his foot to a point and thrusts it beneath the surface of the sand. Then by forcing water into it he expands it, and crowds the sand aside, making thus a larger hole. Using next this bulb-shaped end of his foot as a hold-fast, he draws down his shell after him, and so keeps on till the burrow is made. When the tide goes out, leaving these burrows dry, the "razor" often comes to the top; but quickly descends, as has been said, on the approach of footsteps or if the sand is jarred. An ingenious device for catching these racing "razors" is to put a pinch of salt into their burrows. Whether they are deceived into thinking that the tide has come back, or, as is more probable, their delicate skin is irritated by the particles of salt, they will rise to the surface and may then be caught. Children are sometimes told that they can catch a bird by putting salt on its tail. But this is really the way in which the lively razor-fish may be taken. His beautiful shell, the curious foot, the fringed "siphons," and the swift motions of the little creature make him one of the most interesting objects to be found on our sandy shores.

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A YOUNG lady, the daughter of a New England clergyman, was visiting a rich uncle in a neighboring State. Being asked what instrument she played on, she replied, "When at home I play on the *cooking stove*."

## Golden-Text Stories. — No. 3.

### "BE RECONCILED TO THY BROTHER."

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

ON a long, straggling street in Durham, there lived, among other families, three brothers by the name of Foss. One was John Henry, the second was Nicodemus John, and the third John Dawes; for John, their father had said, was a family name always to be used. Each of them had seven children. As long as the old grandfather lived there were family huskings and roof-raisings, and good times generally; but after he died, they all quarrelled because he did not make a different kind of will, and each said it was owing to the influence of the others. So discord grew up, for John Henry's pigs uprooted Nicodemus John's new potatoes, and John Dawes' dogs bit John Henry's geese, and Nicodemus John's hens injured the flower-beds in John Dawes' garden. Then John Henry's boys were big and pinned April fools on to Nicodemus John's little boys, and John Dawes' girls were too proud to look at John Henry's boys. Yet it always seemed as if some one was just going to speak pleasantly, but suddenly remembered to get angry. All was confusion and hurry, for every one was on the lookout for an insult, — twenty-one first cousins, three uncles and three aunts, quarrelling either by speech, silence, or action.

One November day there came a letter written to the Three Brothers Foss. Which should take it from the Post-office? It staid in the window for a week, until the neighbors laughed so much that each of the brothers told the postmaster to read it. This he did, and informed the Fosses that their fourth brother, Captain Davis John, had lost his wife, and was going again to sea, and would send his little girl to them, unless he at once heard to the contrary, and that she would be with them at noon, November 10.

Each brother went home muttering, for it would be that very time in two hours; each stood at his gate declaring he would not take her, and each looked up and down the road. Soon John Henry saw a wagon stop at Nicodemus John's house; a child alighted, went up the pathway, came back again and got into the wagon. It rolled quickly along until it stopped at John Dawes' door. There the child got out again, went up the yard and returned. Then the wagon came slowly towards John Henry. What should he do? He could not afford to keep her any more than could his brothers, he thought: and therefore, when the driver came to his house, he told him so fiercely to drive on, that the horse started off on a gallop, and nearly upset the frightened cousin, who could not understand what was the matter, unless there were smallpox or measles at her uncles'.

As the wagon turned down the street, Clara came from Nicodemus John's house, and Lucy from John Henry's, and Mary from John Dawes'. "Stop, driver," cried the three cousins; "Mother says she 'll take the little girl." They all clambered up on the seat and claimed her, — the more heartily, when they saw her blue eyes and golden hair. Then came the three mothers, puffing and panting. Each said that she did not mean anything, that she was real sorry, and that though her husband was a set man, he had just as lief let bygones be bygones. Next came the three brothers, and then all the rest of the twenty-one first cousins; and somehow they all got mixed up, and were playing and talking and joking together, and settled it that the new cousin should stay four months with each uncle, and on Thanksgiving Day they should all have a great picnic in the old barn which belonged to the three brothers together; and that each one was to blame more than the other for the quarrel, and that the reason why they were all thankful that they had made it up was that they were ashamed of themselves, and not because the matter had been brought into court.

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### THE SLIDE ON CHERRY MOUNTAIN.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

HARK! what was it the men working in a new house at the foot of a shaggy New Hampshire mountain heard one July morning, this past summer? Was it thunder? There had been, early that morning, a furious storm crashing among the lonely mountains, but just then, what was the strange, angry roar? The owner of the building rushed to the door and looked out. What a sight he beheld! An immense mass of rocks, earth, and trees, flying, whirling, crashing, roaring! A vast river of death rushing down from the mountain! A huge battering-ram driving mercilessly at that very house!

"Get out of here!" shouted the owner of the house; "the whole mountain is coming down on us."

Out of the house they rushed, barely escaping with their lives, while through the house was driven that mass of destruction as if impelled by thousands of fiends. On the other side of the road was a man in the barn. He heard the rumble and felt the jar of the coming avalanche. He ran to the door, but the slide crushed the barn as if an egg-shell, and buried him in the cellar, from which he was taken bruised and mutilated. When this express-train of destruction — its awful wheels the huge mountain bowlders — halted in the valley below, what an area of unsightly ruin was spread before the eye! But how did it happen?

The crashing storm of the early morning had probably swelled a stream up near the summit of the mountain. The growing, rushing waters dislodged various bowlders there and pushed them downward. Other rocks were swept along, trees were uprooted, earth was gullied out, and so a huge crashing plough, growing bigger and bigger, bigger and bigger, went driving down the mountain, drawing its deep furrow through forests, across ravines, finally grinding its way along the green fields of summer.

Ah, the avalanche! how it all starts in a very little trouble! Its end is terrible; its beginning is trivial. Is it not true of those catastrophes in the moral life which we so sadly deplore, that they start in little sources? The drunkenness that wrecks homes is an avalanche beginning in drops, and tastes, and sips. Some startling defalcation may begin in the theft of a penny, while some sin of unchastity finds its beginning in a single impure thought. If the New Hampshire farmer could have prevented the disaster, saving his buildings, the fair green fields, the murmuring forests, would he not gladly have done it?

He could have prevented it if he had been on the mountain-summit and had reined in those bowlders starting off at such a gentle pace at first. O you who are on the mountain-tops of youth, at the sources of all growth, check evil in the very hour of its start. The wrong thought — hold it back, arresting it forever, lest it go out to grow into the avalanche. — *S. S. Journal.*

## Teachers' Department.

### CHURCH-ATTENDANCE OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

BY H. H. CEILEY,
*Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school, Arlington, Mass.*

I, FOR one, am glad that the theory that the Sunday-school is the "Children's Church" is not meeting with more favor. One grand idea in connection with the establishment of the Sunday-school is, that it shall be an aid to the church, a source whence the church shall be constantly supplied with fresh and eager minds.

If the theory that the Sunday-school is the children's church be allowed to grow among us, as this idea gains strength, the children will lose their interest in the church itself. This would not be so injurious were it a fact that the Sunday-school is able to maintain its interest for these growing minds; but the truth is, in very many cases the young men and the young women at a certain age say, "Well, we are too old for the Sunday-school," and so they leave us; a natural result, which would be attended by no evil consequences were the interest formerly felt for the Sunday-school now transferred to the church.

Unfortunately, however, if the children have looked upon the Sunday-school as their only church, and so have formed no habit of attending *the church* services, the tie is now broken, and we lose this young life which is so much needed in all our churches.

Looking at our own school in Arlington, we see those who ten years ago were at the age of the average Sunday-school scholar, now young men and young women, many of whom still remain in the school as scholars or teachers; and we can say of those who are constant in attendance upon the church services, that they formed the habit as children, beginning to go to church when they first began to come to Sunday-school. Of those who did not so form the habit of attending church, I am sorry to say that they feel themselves "to be too old for the Sunday-school," and are seldom if ever seen at church.

Realizing that as many of our young people have passed out of the Sunday-school they have not taken their proper places in the church, we have of late years made it a part of our duty to try to have our scholars become church-going children, and with, we think, a fair degree of success. The average number of scholars at our school sessions is about one hundred. Of these, seventy-five per cent attend the church service.

We use no other means to bring about this result, than can be used by any other school. I frequently speak to the scholars on the subject, and our pastor is always ready to add a good word in regard to their attending church.

I have often been gratified to find, when we have spoken on this subject, that nearly the whole school has responded. I do not tell the children to *go* to church; but I say to them, *come* to church, and I do not expect too much of them. If the little ones find the sermon uninteresting to them, and fall asleep, let them sleep; we have gained something if the habit of attending church is formed. The interest will grow.

Let me in closing address a word to my brother-superintendents. We should as much as possible make ourselves a part of the school, not a mere machine to stand before the school and read the services, or go through the routine duties of every Sunday; but we should be personally acquainted with, and personally interested in, every member of our schools. Then if our minister is not actively engaged in the Sunday-school work, if he fancies that he has outgrown it, or something of that sort, we should try to persuade him to take hold of the work; tell him that here in the Sunday-school is the nursery of the church, and that here he should be exercising his loving care and watchfulness, in order that these young minds may be taught aright, and become strong, growing in wisdom, and bearing good fruits. I would have our minister just as well acquainted with, and just as much interested in, every member of the school as I am myself. The children are quick to respond if they feel that their minister is interested in them.

There is no subject of more importance to the prosperity of the church, than this of teaching the children to attend the church services; and it may well attract the attention of all our Sunday-school workers.

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### NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. — No. 5: Against Anger and Contempt. No. 6: Reconciliation and Forbearance.

WE learn from the example of Jesus how to banish from the heart all hatred except the righteous "hate of hate," all scorn but the holy "scorn of scorn." Against the charge that Jesus, in his denunciations of the Pharisees, used bitter, intemperate speech, Rev. Stopford Brooke thus makes answer ("Christ in Modern Life," pp. 128, 129): —

"Christ has been accused of intemperance, especially in his severe treatment of the Pharisees. If this be true, perfect beauty of character is gone; for temperance, inasmuch as it keeps all the powers of the soul from extravagance, 'is the girdle of beauty.' But I have never been impressed with the justice of this objection. I can conceive nothing more worthy of indignation than Pharisaism. In all its forms it is hateful; and not only Christ, but every teacher, Pagan or Christian, in proportion as he loved truth, mercy, and righteousness, has denounced it as the worst of evils. The more true, and pure, and human a man was, the more indignation would he feel against it; and it was because Christ was truer, purer, and more human than others, that he spoke more strongly than others. But were his expressions used in anger, rather than in indignation? If so, however deserved, they were intemperate. They do not wear that aspect. In anger, reason has not time to operate; words rush almost unwittingly to the lips. Hence they are incoherent; they are unjust; they want the mark of deliberate choice; they run on in unmeaning declamation; they do not hit the point; they do not sting. But indignation, being a noble and divine quality, is led by reason and is the servant of justice. It waits before it speaks. Its denunciation is calm, deliberate, and full; the words are chosen so as to hit the point and the evil hard, and in the centre; they are weighed so as to be scrupulously just; they bear the stamp of thought, and they do their work, making the heart on which they fall writhe with shame and pain. A certain amount of fine irony often goes with this indignation; for there is calm at its root, and irony is the child, in such matters, of indignation and calm. Now, Christ's words to the Pharisees have all the marks of indignation and none of the marks of anger. I cannot conceive beauty of character without indignation at evil. Purity implies it; and indignation, by its very essence, is restrained to strict justice, laying on its scourge exactly, with the requisite severity and in the requisite place. There was passion in the words of Christ, but it was divine passion, under the restraint of law. It did not sin against temperance; nay, it derived its force from temperance."

The best account that we have of the temple-worship of the Jews in the time of Christ is given by Dr. Edersheim in his valuable book entitled, "The Temple and its Services." After describing the preliminaries of the act of worship, in which is included the part of the worshipper who has "brought his gift to the altar," the author continues (pp. 132, 133): —

"The sacrificial lamb was now watered out of a golden bowl, and anew examined by torchlight, though its Levitical fitness had been already ascertained the evening before. Then the sacrificing priest, surrounded by his assistants, fastened the lamb to the second of the rings on the north side of the altar, — in the morning in the western, in the evening in the eastern corner. The sacrifice was held together by its feet, the fore and hind feet of each side being tied together; its head was laid towards the south and fastened through a ring, and its face turned to the west, while the sacrificing priest stood on the east side. The elders who carried the keys now gave the order for opening the temple gates. As the last great gate slowly moved on its hinges, the priests, on a signal given, blew three blasts on their silver trumpets, summoning the Levites and the 'representatives' of the people (the so-called 'stationary men') to their duties, and announcing to the city that the morning sacrifice was about to be offered. Immediately upon this, the great gates which led into the Holy Place itself were opened to admit the priests who were to cleanse the candlestick and the altar of incense. The opening of these gates was the signal for actually slaying the sacrificial lamb. The sacrifice was offered in the following manner: One priest drew forward the windpipe and gullet of the sacrifice, and quickly thrust upwards the knife, while another caught the blood in a golden bowl. Standing at the east side of the altar, he sprinkled it, first at the northeast and then at the southwest corner below the red line which ran round the middle of the altar, in each case in such manner as to cover two sides of the altar, or, as it is described, in the form of the Greek letter Γ (gamma). The rest of the blood was poured out at the base of the altar. Ordinarily, the whole of this service would of course be performed by priests; but it was valid even if the sacrifice had been killed by a layman, or with an ordinary knife. Not so if the blood were caught up in any but a consecrated vessel, or if sprinkled by other than the hands of a priest who at the time was Levitically fit for the service."

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THE work of the Sunday-school is to furnish and apply *motives* to right conduct. An engine cannot move till a fire is lighted and steam made from inside. Then it will go. The mind must be supplied with truth and into the heart the "water of life" must freely flow if we would move the young in the direction of the good life. The steam from another engine cannot make the locomotive start. The moving force must be generated *from within*. But the teacher can see that the wood and the water are put into the human engine, and that the fire is kindled by the magnetic touch of personal influence.

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THE world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.
— *Mrs. Browning.*

## Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS A.

*Books for Younger Pupils.*

SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THAT'S NICE. Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1885. Cloth. pp. 186. Price, $1.25.

This handsomely printed and prettily illustrated volume is a treasury of favorite verses and stories such as little children like to read or to hear. The editor intended the book for "children from babyhood up to six years;" but *all* children, even those of larger growth, will take delight in reading these ever charming rhymes, and these stories, that are ever fresh in their quaintness and oddity. As a book for the "little ones" we hardly know of any recent publication that is so wholly sweet and "nice."

CLASS B.

*Books for Intermediate Pupils.*

THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1885. Cloth. pp. 226. Price, $1.50.

This "story of Toto" is well called "joyous." It is a word-picture of a happy family, the members of which, with the exception of Toto and his dear old blind grandmother, are such "poor relations" of man as a bear, a raccoon, a woodchuck, a squirrel, a parrot, and a wood-pigeon. With these dwellers of the forest Toto lives on the friendliest terms. But their best times are when they are all together in Granny's cottage telling stories, after the fashion of Chaucer's pilgrims, or the guests of the Wayside Inn. Each story is capitally told in a vein of rollicking humor, and with excellent hits at the foibles of men and beasts. The book will give a happy hour to every child who reads it; and it may be that along with the pleasure received there will be awakened a new feeling of kindness towards these dumb companions of God's human children, that often act as if they could enjoy just such a symposium of good stories as this author has provided.

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## RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE Unitarian Sunday-school Society has issued during the past year a number of timely and valuable books for Sunday-school use. We call the attention of our readers first to the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON QUARTERLIES on the *Teachings of Jesus*, prepared by the Secretary of the Society. No. 1. of these Quarterlies is freshly from the press, — in appearance, a handsome pamphlet of fifty pages in paper covers. It contains, besides the General Preface and a very full list of reference-books, ten lessons on the ethical teachings of the discourses and parables of Jesus, and a review of the same. Each lesson contains: (1) the reference to the lesson-passage in the Gospels; (2) the *Golden Text;* (3) the *Meaning*, — a series of explanatory notes; (4) the *Teaching*, in a series of expository and illustrative paragraphs; (5) *Golden Sayings*, — short sentences from ethnic and Christian writings, embodying some of the teachings of the lesson; (6) *Questions for Younger Pupils;* (7) *Questions for Older Pupils;* and (8) *Points for Further Study.*

The series of Sunday-school Lessons formerly published by the Society, and largely used by the schools, comprised only the Explanatory Notes on each lesson-passage, with the two sets of Questions for Older and Younger Pupils. These new Lessons contain, as special features, the Golden Text, the Golden Sayings, the Points for Further Study, in addition to a full and illustrative exposition of the teaching which each lesson-passage conveys. This exposition, divided into numbered paragraphs for convenience of reference, furnishes both the teacher and the pupil with the most desirable kind of lesson-helps, bringing out the truths that are implied, as well as expressed, in the passage, and showing also their practical application. So far as it is possible, each lesson is illustrated by concrete instances of the truth which it teaches. The stories and the "supposes" bring the truth home to the mind and heart of every pupil.

It is believed that our schools have never before been supplied with such an ample array of helps for the study of the moral and religious truths contained in the Gospels. By the faithful use of these Lessons, teachers and scholars alike will grow into a deeper and more living knowledge of those great principles of Christianity which are the light and the life of the soul.

Next in order to these Lesson Quarterlies comes the new book by Rev. S. H. Winkley, QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE SON OF MAN. This manual is intended to be used in all the classes above the infant class. It is, as the title implies, a book of *Questions* only. For the answers to these questions the pupil is referred to passages in the Bible, or to his own thinking on the subjects to which they relate. Mr. Winkley takes it for granted that in schools where his manual is used the teachers' meetings will be regularly held each week. In these meetings let the *teacher of the teachers* go over the whole lesson, and let each teacher strive to get hold of that part of the lesson which is best adapted to his own class. By this method, as it is followed in Mr. Winkley's own school, it is found perfectly practicable to use the same sets of questions with pupils of all ages.

As a question-book this new volume will take high rank among the manuals which Mr. Winkley has prepared, and which have been widely used and greatly liked in our Sunday-schools.

A third manual, which is also fresh from the Society's press, is the text-book on LESSONS UPON THE LIFE OF ST. PAUL, prepared by Rev. E. H. Hall, and completing what is known as the *Manual Committee's Series.* The older classes in the Intermediate Department, as well as the Bible-classes, will find this new manual a most admirable and interesting setting-forth of the life and work of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The method of the lessons is simple, the style clear, the questions are suggestive, and the arrangement of the topics presented is most serviceable to the pupil.

An old book with a new face, which the Society has just issued, is a cheap edition (paper covers, 50 cents) of the excellent volume of "SUNDAY STORIES," by Rev. H. N. Brown. No better book of the kind to read from to children in Sunday-school classes or in the home-circle can be found in the range of our Unitarian literature.


## FOR HARVEST SUNDAY.

The Unitarian Sunday-school Society

Has just issued for Harvest Sunday:

1. HARVEST HOME: *A Sunday-school Exercise*, with Recitations, etc., in verse. By Miss Kate L. Brown. Excellent for a Sunday-school Concert. Price, 5 cts. per copy.

2. A HARVEST SERVICE. Reprinted from the new Sunday-School Service Book. Five pages of Service with Responsive Music, etc., and three Carols and Songs from the new Hymnal. Price, 3 cts. per copy; $2.50 per hundred.

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## EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

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**Outlines of Christian History.** By Rev. JOSEPH H. ALLEN. Cloth, 50 cts.; per dozen, $6.00. Large-margin copies, for teachers, $1.00.

**The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament.** By Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

*Just Published:*

**A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament.** By Rev. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D. pp 328. Cloth, $1.50.

Full Catalogue of the Publications issued, and for sale, by the Society will be sent on application; and Specimen Copies of text-books will be sent to teachers for examination.


University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.